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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JULY 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Spectre of the Classroom

VIOLET M. METHLEY.

A LITTLE group of girls was gathered round the classroom fire, roasting chestnuts and chattering like monkeys. Perhaps that is rather an insult to Elspeth Macdonald, who sat knitting sedately, and scarcely speaking except to correct one of her school-fellows.

"Ow!" Biddy Byrne made a grab at a chestnut and put her fingers into her mouth hurriedly. "It's hot!"

"So would you be if you'd been sitting in the fire for half an hour," laughed Dollie Hudson. "Don't they smell lovely—just like roast veal?"

"Peel it for me, that's a darlin'—" Biddy tossed the nut into Dollie's lap. "I've burnt my finger."

"I like that! Why should I burn mine too?" Dollie protested; but she began to peel the chestnut all the same.

"Don't do it, Dollie," Elspeth said severely. "You're an idiot to let Biddy order you about and blarney you as she does."

"Oh, I don't mind." Dollie laughed again in her cheerful, good-tempered way—the way that made her one of the most popular girls in Rodeham School. "Isn't the fire lovely?"

"Grand!" Biddy stretched herself out on the rug luxuriously. "It's good to be warm and cosy when the wind is shrieking and howling outside, just like a banshee."

"What's a banshee?" inquired Rosie Bedford, a round-eyed, snub-nosed girl.

"A kind of ghost—an Irish ghost." Biddy dropped her voice to a mysterious whisper.

Biddy's sudden change of tone made Rosie give a little squeal of fright. "Oh don't, Biddy! Don't be so frightening!" she cried.

"You know that you *like* to be frightened," Biddy retorted, munching the chestnut which Dollie had peeled for her.

"Well, I do rather," Rosie confessed honestly, hunching her back against Dollie's knee. "I love ghost stories."

Biddy sat up, her eyes bright and eager. "I say, girls, let's tell some now," she cried, "the horriest and creepiest we can think of. Who'll tell one first?"

"You begin, Biddy," said Rosie; "I'm sure you know heaps."

"Let me think, then—" Biddy's face grew grave as she clasped her knees and stared into the fire. The wind and the rain howled and pattered louder, a chestnut popped and jumped into the fender. Elspeth finished a row of knitting and began another before the Irish girl gave a sudden exclamation, which made Rosie start and swallow a very hot piece of nut. "Yes!" Biddy cried; "I've thought of a ghost story which will make even Elspeth believe in them."

"Rot!" Elspeth said emphatically; "there's not such a story in the world."

"There is, though, and I'll prove it," Biddy declared.

"Well, if you make me believe in ghosts, I'll—I'll—"

"Finish my green jumper for me," Biddy burst in eagerly. "Will you do that, Elspeth? I've got into a most frightful tangle, and there are about six necks and twelve armholes, and you do knit so toppingly."

"You needn't think that you'll make me do it by blarney," Elspeth tossed her head. "But I *will* finish the jumper if your story makes me believe in ghosts—so there. Only you won't succeed."

"Won't I? Wait and see." Biddy nodded her red head defiantly. "Let's turn down all the lights; nobody could be made to believe in ghosts in this glare. You do it, Doll, and I'll just go and fetch that wretched jumper of mine. I can always tell stories best when I have something to fiddle with."

Biddy ran off, whilst Dollie turned down the gas so that the firelight flickered over the walls, throwing long, ghost-like shadows.

"I'm feeling creepy already," Rosie remarked.

But Elspeth only laughed contemptuously. "Well, I'm not," she declared. "I've read too much about ghosts. Have you noticed it's always only *one* person who sees them, never two or three at once? Well, that shows."

Biddy came clattering downstairs and into the classroom again, carrying a bundle of emerald-green

knitting which she thrust in front of Elspeth's nose. "There, you see what you're in for?" she said. "I don't envy you your job, Elspeth, my child."

"It won't be my job, so don't you think it," Elspeth answered. "But I should certainly be ashamed if I knitted like that."

Biddy grinned as she pulled forward a stool and established herself in front of the fire. She began to knit diligently, whilst Dollie and Rosie crept nearer and Elspeth's needles flashed in a superior manner. After a little pause Biddy began her story in a low, mysterious voice, that seemed rather like an accompaniment to the howling of the wind.



"Well, in this castle there lived the wicked Baron, and his wife, who was lovely and gentle and altogether topping," Biddy continued; "but, as for him, he was a depraved and irreclaimable scoundrel—a perfect pig. He simply hated his wife, because she was such an angel; and besides she had heaps of money of her own, which the wicked Baron wanted. So one day, when she was standing in this very classroom—at least in the turret-chamber which used to be here—with her husband's bloodhounds baying and howling in the courtyard, he came in——"

"The bloodhound?" Rosie asked eagerly, and Biddy snorted with annoyance.

"It was long, long ago, in the very middle of the Middle Ages," she said, "when there lived in this house a terribly wicked Baron——"

"In this house?" Rosie interrupted shrilly.

"Yes, I've only found out about it quite lately—but it was; at least it was in the castle which was built on this same spot before the school—a huge castle with portcullises and moats and donjons and drawbridges and keeps——"

"How lovely! I wish it was here now." Rosie drew a long breath. "It would be most exciting to go to school in a castle."

"Very draughty, I should think," Elspeth remarked.

"No, you little idiot!—the husband, the Baron. He came in and laughed a hollow laugh, and said, 'Woman, this hour is your last; your time has come.'"

"It had. A few minutes later he cut off her head with his rusty broadsword, and buried her under the floor of this very room, and—and went down to supper."

"What about this wonderful ghost of yours?" Elspeth interrupted contemptuously.

"I'm coming to it. One day the Baron was sitting in this very classroom, when he heard something coming along the passage outside. At first he only laughed; but the scuffling and shuffling came nearer

and nearer. Then the Baron looked round, and there, just by the door, he saw a white, limp body, creeping . . . creeping . . . creeping towards him—a body without a head, dragging itself along slowly, slowly. It came nearer and nearer, and . . . *what's that?* ”

Biddy's voice sank to a terrible whisper, her face grew pale, her eyes opened widely until they looked huge and dark. She sat staring towards the door, her lips parted, whilst Rosie and Dollie drew closer together. And, in the silence, a faint, rustling, dragging sound was heard from the direction of the door.

“What is it?” Rosie asked, and Dollie answered in a would-be cheerful voice,—

“Only somebody out in the passage. Go on, Biddy.”

But Biddy remained silent, still staring towards the door, tense and motionless, her hands clutching at her knitting.

And suddenly a dim, white figure appeared in the doorway. It was flat upon the ground, creeping along, with outstretched hands which seemed to grope, and trailing white skirts. It came slowly along, with little rustling sounds, and it had no head!

“Oh!” Rosie gave a little cry. “Oh, what is it?”

“It is the White Lady herself.” Biddy spoke in a low, unsteady voice. “She has come to prove that she is real.”

“Oh, look!” Rosie's voice was shrill with fright. “It—she—she's going straight to Elspeth!”

It was true. Slowly but steadily the white figure crept across the floor, directly towards the chair on which Elspeth, not so contemptuously upright now, sat huddled. Nearer and nearer it came; it touched Elspeth's chair, began to rise slowly erect, and, as it touched her, Elspeth sprang up with a little cry of fear.

“Oh, don't come near me! don't! don't!” she sobbed. “Don't touch me!”

“She's come to make you say that you believe in her, Elspeth,” whispered Biddy. “That's why she's here, I'm sure.”

“Oh, I do! I do! I didn't, but I do!” Elspeth declared quaveringly. “I—I can't help believing!”

“Then I've won.” Biddy spoke in a perfectly cool and matter-of-fact voice, and all three of the other girls turned to stare at her in bewilderment, even forgetting the ghost in their surprise.

“What do you mean, Biddy?” Dollie asked.

“Turn up the light and you'll see,” Biddy rejoined; and Dollie crossed the room to the gas-bracket.

The light blazed out, and there on the ground lay the limp, white figure, no longer terrifying and unearthly. It was revealed now as one of Biddy's own nightgowns, slipped over a coat-hanger, with the long coat still on it, to give it shoulders and shape. And to the hook of the coat-hanger was tied a long black thread.

“Oh!” Dollie stared down at the ghost. “I see. You put it outside the door, and pulled it in by winding up the thread.”

“Yes, while I was knitting,” Biddy confessed. “And when I showed Elspeth the jumper, I slipped the end of the thread through the back of her chair; that's why it went straight to *her*.”

“Well, I call it a very wicked and a very idiotic trick. I don't see that it's funny at all,” Elspeth declared, her face crimson with annoyance. “Do you suppose that I believe in *that*?”

She pointed to the limp shape; but Biddy answered coolly,—

“Not now—but you *did*! And you can't deny it.”

“I don't want to deny it,” Elspeth replied with sulky honesty. “But I hate practical jokes.”

“Well, you asked for it, Elspeth. You dared me to tell a story which would make you believe in ghosts, and I did.” Biddy spoke triumphantly. “And I so badly want that jumper finished. Come on, Elspeth, be a sport!”

“All right, give me the jumper. I'm not going to back out; but I don't believe in ghosts all the same.”

“You *did*!” Biddy retorted—and had the last word.

✦ ✦ ✦

“TWO PENNYWORTH of sodium bicarbonate for indigestion at this time of the night, when a glass of hot water would have done just as well!” cried the infuriated chemist, who had been aroused at 2 a.m.

“Weel, weel,” returned Sandy hastily. “I thank you for the advice, and I'll no bother ye after all. Good night.”

✦ ✦ ✦

It was a dark night, and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post. With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read “Wet Paint.”

✦ ✦ ✦

Small Nephew. “That shilling you gave me slipped through a hole in my pocket.”

Uncle. “Well, here's another. Don't let it do the same.”

Small Nephew. “Perhaps half a crown would be safer, uncle?”



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



Harold. "Did you know that animals could speak?"

George. "No! I didn't. Can they?"

Harold. "Oh yes! Haven't you heard a Ramsay Macdonald?"

George. "H'm, I see! If you took out its tongue, it would have nothing to Asquith."

Harold. "Look here; instead of making jokes like that, you ought to be better emp-Lloyd George."

George. "Yes, and if you continue to make puns like that, you'll be Baldwin you're thirty."

Sent in by PHOEBE PRESCOTT,
National School, Adlington, near Chorley, Lancs.,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

A MAN whose clothes were being eaten by moths applied to a druggist for advice. The druggist advised him to use camphor balls, so he bought a pennyworth.

"Well," inquired the druggist a week later, "are you getting rid of the moths?"

"A few," returned the man, "but they're jolly hard to hit with such small balls."

✦ ✦ ✦

THE miser gazed longingly at the posters "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," which were outside the Picture House. It was Christmas Eve and he was reckless, so he resolved to go in. Approaching the box-office he planked down a shilling and asked for a ticket to the boxes. He received his ticket and waited for his change. Upon receiving none he asked the man for his change. The man told him that it was a shilling for the boxes. The miser silently returned the ticket, saying, "Give me back my shilling; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine thieves."

Sent in by MARGARET SOUTER,
10 Brimmond Place, Aberdeen.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Travelled?" said a sailor in a train to a passenger who had questioned him. "I should think I 'ave. I've been all round the world, over and under it, too. There ain't many ports I don't know the inside of."

"Why, you must know a lot about geography."

"Yes, we did put in there once to coal the ship; 'tain't much of a place, what I remember of it."

Sent in by SALLIE OLIVER,
45 Rushfield Avenue, Belfast.

✦ ✦ ✦

A LITTLE girl was walking with her mother, and as they passed a field they saw a cow, and the little

girl said, "Mother what are those things on that cow?"

And her mother said, "Horns, dear."

After a little while the cow mooed fairly loudly.

"Oh," said the little girl, "which horn did it blow?"

Sent in by DORA PARKES,
38 Fairfax Road, S. Hampstead, London, N.W.6.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Now, boys," said the master, "if a man was going to give a big party, and he had a hundred and twenty eggs to divide equally among thirty boys, how would he do it?"

"Please, sir, he'd scramble them!" shouted the class.

Sent in by HILDA BOURNE,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

✦ ✦ ✦

ON her first visit to the city, the country woman entered a taxicab. No sooner was the door closed than the car leaped forward violently, and afterwards went racing wildly along the street, narrowly missing collision after collision.

The passenger was terrified. She thrust her head through the open window of the door, and shouted to the chauffeur:

"Please be careful, sir! I'm nervous. This is the first time I ever rode in a taxi."

"That's all right, ma'am," yelled back the driver. "It's the first time I ever drove one!"

Sent in by NELLIE CURRELL,
St. Dominic's School, Harpenden Hall, Harpenden, Herts.

✦ ✦ ✦

A CLERGYMAN, in church, who was giving out notices, said he would not waste time in giving out the names of the Lenten preachers, as they all would be found hanging in the porch.

Sent in by CLAUDE MILLER,
The Bungalow, Norwich Road, Swaffham.

✦ ✦ ✦

Customer. "I say, I've brought back these boots I bought last night!"

Bootmaker. "Weren't they right?"

Customer. "Yes, that's the trouble. Both are right, but I want one of them to be left."

✦ ✦ ✦

Old Salt. "A woman fell overboard from the ship an' a shark came up an' looked at her, and went away."

Listener. "But didn't it touch her?"

Old Salt. "No, you see it was a man-eating shark!"

Sent in by ROGER BARTLEY,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✦ ✦ ✦

A GENTLEMAN walking the street saw a little boy crying, and on asking him why he was crying he said:

"Well, sir, farver's invented a noo substitoot called soap, an' every time a customer comes into the shop I gets washed as advertisement."

The Builders of Long Ago

PART IV.—PERPENDICULAR GOTHIC

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

WE have now reached the 15th century, the time when the Wars of the Roses were waging, and when the little Princes were murdered in the Tower. This is the period when the last of the three types of Gothic architecture was common—namely, Perpendicular.

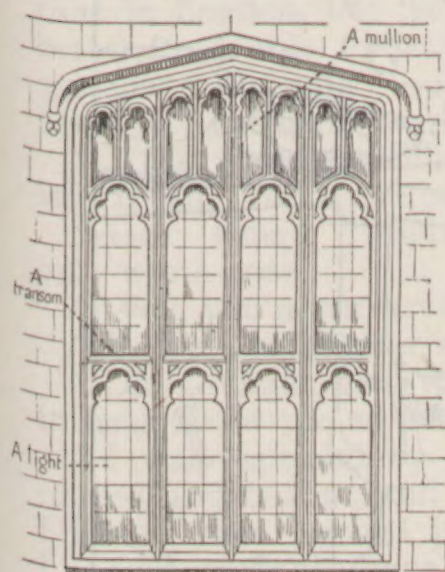


FIG. 1.

Note that the "mullions" stretch from top to bottom of the window.

be able to understand why the name "Perpendicular" was given to this style of building.

Look back to the diagrams in last month's magazine, and you will notice that the gracefully "flowing" lines of the decorated tracery of the windows

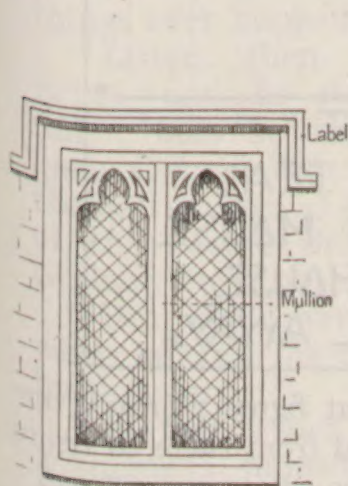


FIG. 2.

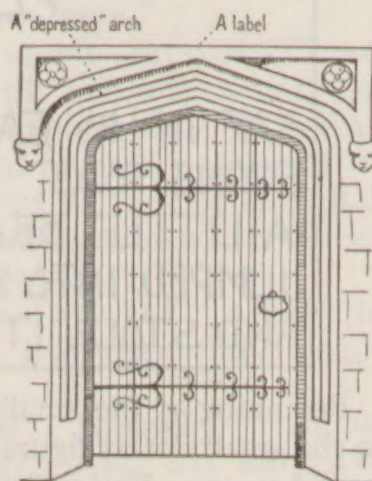


FIG. 3.

you will also find that many of the windows are unusually wide in proportion to their height. Then, too, many more of the Perpendicular windows have

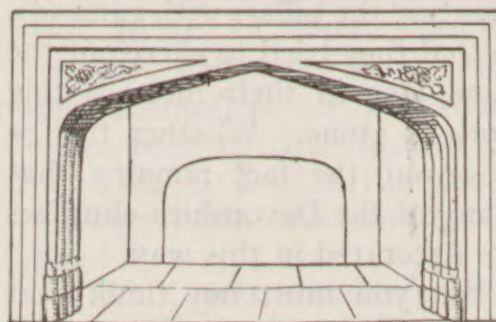


FIG. 4.

A fireplace in a private house.



FIG. 5.

A "crocket."

the cross-way bar—called a transom—than either of the earlier Gothics.

It is always easier to remember the name of a thing if its name actually describes its work, isn't it? This is the case with the word "dripstone," which is the projecting moulding over a window to throw off the wet. If, however, the window is square headed, a square dripstone changes its name to "label" for some unknown reason (Fig. 2).



FIG. 6.

"Tudor flower" ornament.



FIG. 7.

"Natural wreath" ornament.

These square labels, too, are found over the doors (and in mansions over the fireplaces, Figs. 3 and 4), which usually have very "depressed" arches.

You will remember how beautifully natural was the foliage used to ornament decorated buildings; but with the coming of the 15th century all this was changed and everything became as square as it was possible to make it—square panels, square foliage, square crockets (Fig. 5); and even in the "depressed" arch over the later doors, windows, and fireplaces (Figs. 3 and 4) we have examples of the way in which the freshness and beauty of the 14th century was lost.

Even the chief "ornament"—the Tudor flower—shows this squareness (Fig. 6).

Should you be lucky enough, though, to go to Devonshire in the holidays, you must have a good look at the capitals of the pillars of any Perpendicular churches you visit, for in that county the sculpture of the foliage in the capitals is very beautiful, often resembling a wreath

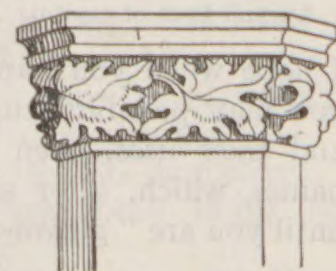


FIG. 8.

"Natural wreath" ornament.

have given place to the rigid lines of the new style; so what other name than Perpendicular could have been given? Could you have found a better one, I wonder? I don't think that I could have done.

Not only will you notice these upright lines, but

of flowers twisted round the top of the pillar (Figs. 7 and 8).

It is thought that the sculptors remembered the ancient custom of decorating the pillars with garlands, so that they tried to carry out the same idea in their more lasting work in stone. Whether this be so or no, the fact remains that many of the Devonshire churches are decorated in this way.



FIG. 9.

Gatehouse at
Lambeth Palace.

But you must not think that the Perpendicular style in architecture is only to be seen in churches, for many castles and houses were built during this century, and are still standing, and at some time or other you are almost sure to visit them.

In London alone we have some beautiful examples; the gatehouse at Lambeth Palace (almost facing the Houses of Parliament), Fig. 9, where the Archbishop of Canterbury lives when in London, and Westminster Hall, which was the Great Hall of the Palace when the kings used to live at Westminster, are two of them.

Having now come to the end of the three kinds of Gothic architecture

The 13th century—Early English

The 14th century—Decorated

The 15th century—Perpendicular

I wonder, if I asked you any questions on them, whether you would get "full marks"! I hope so.

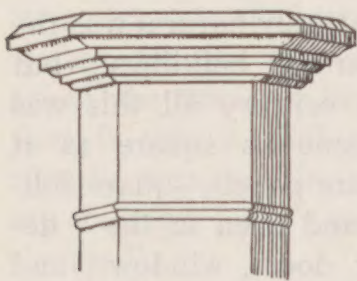


FIG. 10.

A usual form of capital.

Next month you will have to be specially good at "reading at sight," as I am going to tell you about all sorts of little "oddments" to be found in churches, and lots of them have such difficult names.

But as each will be illustrated by a little drawing, I hope when you happen to see one in a building, you may possibly remember something about them and their uses, even if you don't remember their names, which, after all, are not so very important until you are "grown-up."

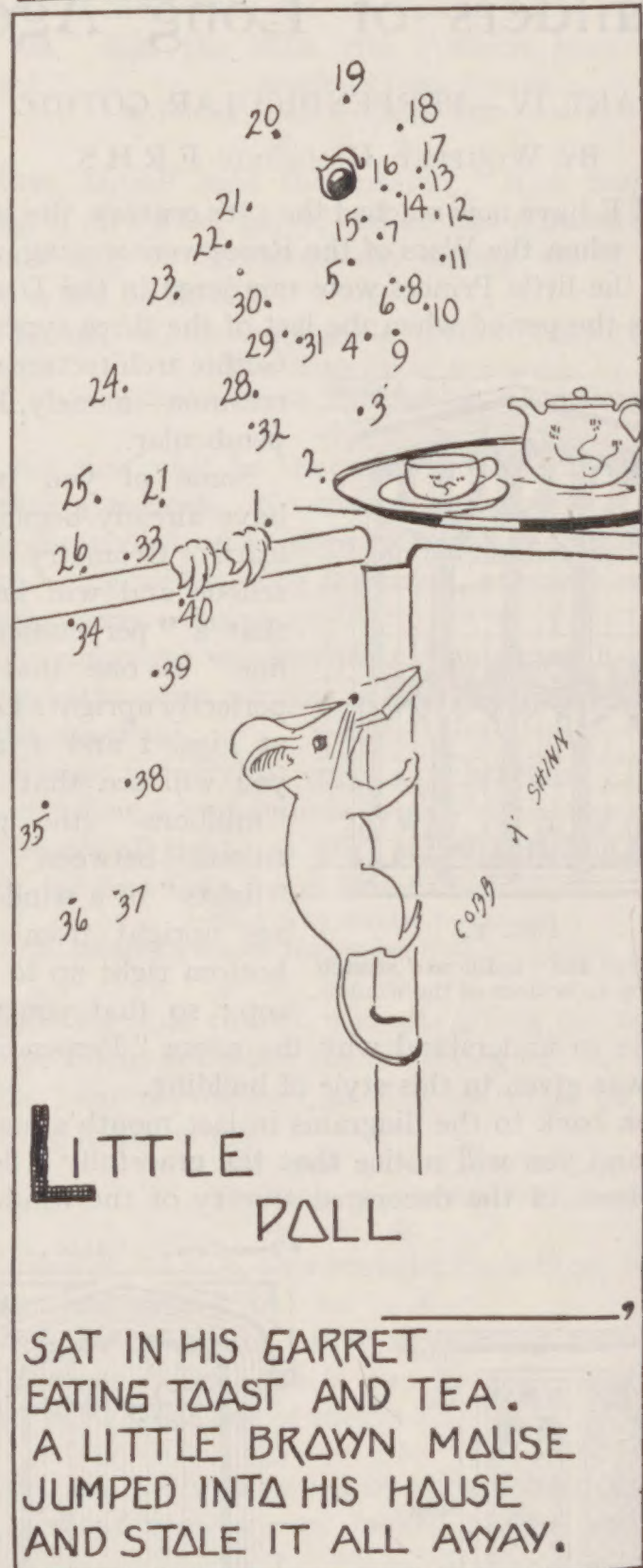
✦ ✦ ✦

Mary (to doctor). "Mummy said you were a duck of a doctor."

Doctor (very pleased). "Oh! did she?"

Mary. "Yes, but she didn't say it like that; she said you were an old quack."

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

✦ ✦ ✦

A COUNTRY lass one cold night was advised by her mistress to put an iron in her bed to warm it. In the morning the mistress asked Sarah how she had slept.

"Pretty good, ma'am," said Sarah; "I had the iron almost warm by morning."

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER VIII

GRAHAM'S RETURN

"WELL, how have you got on while we've been away?" asked Graham.

It was a few days after Brian's adventure, and the four were enjoying a morning on the lake. Jim had been having rather a painful time in London, but had come back very much better, and able to walk a little now without crutches. He and Graham had only arrived home late the night before.

"I had a most thrilling adventure one day," said Brian, "since the last time I wrote to you."

"Last time!" exclaimed Graham. "You only wrote once!"

"Well, you never wrote at all."

"Because your letter wasn't worth an answer."

"Oh, Graham, stop it!" said Jim. "I want to hear about the adventure."

"I was captured by a gang of highwaymen, robbed and beaten, and bound to a tree, and if I hadn't been rescued just in the nick of time, I should probably have been hung, drawn, and quartered as well!"

"What an imagination you've got," said Graham, thinking not unnaturally that Brian was inventing it all.

"It's perfectly true, Graham. But if you don't want to hear the story, I'll tell Jim another time."

"But if it's really true, of course I'm dying to hear it," said Graham. "I didn't know such things ever happened nowadays."

"Listen, then, and don't interrupt," said Brian, and he described his adventure very fully; only he did not explain that he already knew Colonel Wilson, and he said nothing about the half-crown, as that was all part of the affairs of the Secret Brotherhood, which, of course, Graham knew nothing about.

"But where were you, Donald?" asked Jim, when he and his cousin had been duly thrilled by the story.

"In bed," said Donald, gloomily. "It was a shame I missed it all. And I'd only been trying to fill Daddy's fountain pen for him. He wasn't a bit grateful, though I'd taken no end of trouble over it."

"I can imagine the result," said Graham, laughing. "More ink outside than in, I suppose?"

"Well, there was a good deal outside, of course," Donald admitted. "But bed's awfully

dull—specially in the summer. And I really had forgotten that he'd told me not to touch his old pen."

"It's all been pretty dull most of the time," said Brian. "We're having holidays now, of course. But, you know, Mother's ill, and we're only allowed to see her about once a day. And we've been getting into no end of rows."

"This is a cheerful account," said Graham. "What little wretches you are; aren't they, Jim?"

"Well, you shouldn't go away and leave us, then. We had nothing to do, and we couldn't even come out in the boat. At least, I did once. But that was one of the rows."

"And even Dr. Barker was quite cross with us, because he said we made Mummy worse."

"How long has she been ill?" asked Graham.

"She's been in bed for about two weeks," answered Brian. "And the doctor says p'raps she'll have to go away."

"And Nanny orders the dinner now, and it's nearly always tapioca pudding," added Donald, who had come to grief over this more than once. He was very much offended when the others laughed at his trouble.

"And we have to look after the babies in the morning, while Nanny attends to Mother," said Brian.

"Poor little girls!" exclaimed Graham, putting up his hand to catch the cushion Brian hurled at him for this remark. "I wouldn't trust them to you. It's evidently quite time I came home to act as under-nurse to the family."

This idea amused the boys immensely, and even Donald forgot about his offended dignity.

"Your mother tried it one day," he remarked. "She took us all for a picnic on the fells, but Ursula tumbled down and hurt her knee, and baby sat in a puddle on purpose because she thought it might be cooler."

"And the kettle wouldn't boil for ages, and then I upset all the milk. But it was a topping picnic all the same," said Brian.

"We heard about that from Granny," said Jim. "She wrote and told me. But tell us some more. What were the rows?"

"Surely there aren't any more revelations?" said Graham, pretending to be shocked.

"What's revelations?" Donald demanded.

"Well, I mean, have you been doing any more of these awful things?"

"I think that's about all," answered Brian, after a short pause for thought, "except that I had to pay for a new lamp globe out of my pocket-money."

"And I've got to have no jam for tea for a week because I upset the whole dish at breakfast this morning," said Donald.

"I can't stand any more," said Graham. "How you ever got on before we came, I simply can't imagine."

"We were younger then," suggested Donald, gravely; "perhaps we were more good."

"It certainly sounds as if you couldn't have been much less good," returned Graham. "Brian, I won't have my cushions soaked" (for Brian had again nearly thrown one into the water).

"Don't keep on insulting us, then. You ought to apologize. Oh, I say, Don, do you

think we might tell them the secret? Saying 'apologize' made me think of it. It was more exciting than anything except the highwaymen, wasn't it?"

"I'd like to," answered his brother. "But Jim's in it too, really, only he doesn't know it. We ought to tell him first, and see if he thinks we can tell Graham."

So Graham was banished to the other end of the boat, while the three members of the Secret Brotherhood whispered together with loud giggles.

"It sounds ripping!" exclaimed Jim, presently. "Only I can't hear all you say. Do tell it out loud and let Graham hear. After all, he might as well know what we're doing, so that he can look forward to it."

The others agreed, and they told the story of the gardening episode, and explained what the Secret Brotherhood was. Graham pretended to be immensely grateful, and was privately rather touched by the boys' plans on his behalf. He at once demanded that the money should be handed over to him; but Brian, as President of the Brotherhood, sternly refused.

"Certainly not!" he said. "You would only waste it. It has to be kept for you until you really need it, and by that time we shall have got some more to add to it."

"But, please, Mr. President, I really need it

now," protested Graham, very meekly. "At least I need the shilling now, if I mayn't have the rest."

"What for?"

"To buy some chocolates to celebrate our home-coming."

"Oh!" said Brian, thoughtfully. "Brothers, do you consider that a reasonable reason?"

"I think it's a most important reason," said Jim.

"I'm sure it is, brothers," said Donald.

"And, after all, it was me who earned the shilling, you know. The half-crown can be kept for the fund."

"All right," said Graham. "I mean, thank you very much, Mr. President and brethren. Brother Donald can ride on my step to the shop, and you two can keep each other out of mischief till we come back."

"But the shilling is at home in my money-box," said Donald. "We'll have to go and get it first."

"Oh, well, perhaps after all I might be able to squeeze one out of my own pocket this time," said Graham. "It seems a pity to disturb the fund so soon."

"If Colonel Wilson heard you, he'd say you'd been trying to get money under false pretences," said Brian, severely. "You ought

to have told us you'd got plenty all the time. No wonder we're much worse since we've known you!"

The same evening Graham went to the Rectory to find out how ill Mrs. Marston really was, and to see if he could do anything to help.

"I should like to send the boys to school," said Mr. Marston, "but it's too late now to get them into the school I want them to go to, for next term, apart from the question of expense."

"I wish you'd let me have them to do lessons with Jim," said Graham. "It would be awfully



good for him, because he's not fit yet to be sent to school, partly because of his accident, and also I think he needs a little more training first, though it's wonderful how quickly he has learnt to adapt himself to a different kind of life. I don't think any strangers meeting him now for the first time would ever suspect that he had not always been brought up among gentlemen."

"You certainly have made a tremendous difference in him in four months," said Mr. Marston. "But do you seriously mean that you would like to have my two scamps to teach as well?"

"Of course I mean it seriously; I'd love to have them, if you're willing to trust them to me. It's very dull for Jim to work alone, and I'd far rather teach three than one. Besides, I know you can't have much time to spare for them yourself."

"I haven't. And I'll most gratefully accept your offer; but if you find they're a nuisance to you, you must let me know. They've both got quite good brains, I believe, but they're lazy little monkeys, and I hope you won't be too easy-going with them. Of course they're having holidays just at present, and I suppose Jim is too."

"Yes, for another fortnight or so. I really am delighted with this arrangement, and it's most awfully good of you to let me have them."

"My dear chap, there's no need for you to thank me. It's entirely the other way round, and I'm quite sure the boys will appreciate it immensely."

All three boys were very pleased when they heard of this arrangement, and almost wanted to begin at once. But Graham declared that he wanted holidays if they didn't, and warned them that he intended to be extremely severe, and they needn't imagine that it was going to be all play. In the meantime, he decided that they needed serious coaching in cricket, and he described the kind that they were accustomed to as only fit for an infants' Sunday School treat, much to their disgust.

Jim was only able to look on, and sometimes he felt almost thankful that his foot was still not well enough for him to take part in it, for Graham was so keen himself that when his pupils failed to satisfy him he was almost brutal.

"When *are* you going to learn to hold your bat straight, Brian?" he would shout, for instance. "Oh, don't go scooping up catches like that! Donald, what are your fingers made of? That was a perfectly easy catch, and yet you missed it. Here, try another. You little duffer! If you can't hold a thing like that, you'd better

go and play with Anne. Put down your bat, Brian, and let's see if you're any better. Oh, you needn't trouble to look modest about catching that one, it was much too easy to miss! That's more like it, Don. Oh, well caught! Brian, you unutterable little slacker, why aren't you awake? That's a bit better. Now go and bat again, and if you send up any more catches, I'll give you 'six' with a stump! And you'll get the same if you miss any, Donald."

Such threats as these were never carried out, but when Graham was in this mood the boys never ventured to object to the insults hurled at them, and an occasional "well fielded!" or "good ball!" made up for a large amount of abuse. They did begin to wonder, however, what Graham would be like at lessons if he was as fierce as this over a game, and thought that perhaps they had made a mistake in thinking that they would enjoy them so much. But after they had tried him as a tutor for a few days they became very enthusiastic over it.

Graham's ideas for lessons were quite new to them. Instead of just learning a lot of dull facts out of books, much more exciting things happened. History was very thrilling when it meant fighting real battles between Danes and Saxons, or William of Normandy and King Harold. As for literature, they had never heard the word at all, and it sounded rather learned and alarming; so it was a great joy when they discovered that it apparently meant reading all sorts of jolly stories about heroes and fair maidens, and acting them afterwards. The story of Perseus and Andromeda, for instance, allowed for the "sea monster" really swimming in the lake; but it was not part of the scheme that Andromeda (Donald was usually compelled to take the female parts) should fall in off the boat-house roof, fully dressed, and elegantly draped in a bath towel.

The result of this accident was that Graham had to go to the rescue, also fully dressed, and the rest of that morning's time-table had to be abandoned.

Of course there were other lessons—sums and Latin and so on—which meant harder work, and Graham was very strict and never allowed shirking. But the boys thoroughly approved of him as a tutor, in spite of this.

Jim was rapidly catching up the others, although he had not had much chance of learning anything before. The occasions were becoming very rare now when he got into trouble on account of his early training with his stepfather, but there was one incident of this kind soon after the boys had begun doing lessons with Graham, and it gave the Marstons a much greater respect for Graham's authority.

CHAPTER IX

A QUESTION OF RANSOM

OF course, at first, Jim had had a lot to learn, and had made many mistakes. It had taken him a little time to learn to speak properly, and he had been rather puzzled between the kind of slang that the other boys, and Graham too, used freely, and the kind that was never allowed. He had also found it rather annoying at first to have to wash his hands as often as Mrs. Carlton considered necessary, and he had been glad to discover that this trouble was not peculiar to himself, but was shared by Brian and Donald. But, on the whole, he had soon adapted himself to the various small habits and customs required in his new home; only occasionally there were more serious difficulties.

One wet afternoon the three boys were playing games together in the library at the Hall, while Graham was busy with some accounts. Presently he went to fetch a book he needed from the other end of the room, and in doing so passed behind Jim, and happened to notice the cards he had in his hand. The game the boys were playing was a very elaborate invention of their own, but he knew enough about it to see that Jim was cheating.

The boys were too intent on their game to notice Graham, so he said nothing just then, but waited till the end of the round, hoping that Jim would explain what he had been doing, and say that he meant it for a joke, or to see if the others were sharp enough to guess. But presently he heard them adding up their scores, and Donald exclaimed,—

"Jim's won that, then. You did have luck that time, Jim. You always seemed to get the right cards just when they were wanted."

"Yes," agreed Jim. "It was lucky, wasn't it?"

"Jim, come here a minute," called out Graham, and the boy went across the room wondering why his cousin wanted him.

"I'm afraid you haven't yet learnt," Graham said, very severely, "that one thing a gentleman never does is to cheat—either at games or anything else."

Jim flushed.

"I didn't!" he exclaimed hotly.

"And telling lies is another thing," went on Graham in a much sterner voice. "At least you ought to know that by this time. It's no use to deny it, because I watched you. You were keeping back cards that you ought to have

played out at once. No wonder Donald said it was lucky that you always had them when you wanted them!"

Jim said nothing, but grew very red. He had never heard Graham speak quite like that before, and realized that he had done something very dreadful. His cousin went on,—

"Now just understand this. If ever I find you doing either of these things again I shall give you a jolly good thrashing. You deserve it for the lies this time. You can't pretend that you didn't know that was wrong."

The culprit bit his lip, and looked very much ashamed of himself. There was a short silence, and then he said in a very shaky voice,—

"I'm sorry, Graham. I didn't think it mattered as much as that—not playing fair, I mean, just in a game. I'll never do it again."

"Very well. Don't forget. I shan't let you off another time." Graham turned back to his work, but for a moment or two Jim did not move. Then he asked rather timidly,—

"Graham—please—you won't tell Grandfather or Granny, will you?"

Graham looked up and saw what an impression he had made on the culprit, who certainly could scarcely be blamed for not knowing any better considering the way he had been brought up. He felt that he might have been rather too hard on him.

"All right, old chap," he said. "If you understand now, we won't say any more about it. But don't you ever forget."

"Thanks awfully," said Jim, greatly relieved, and he went back to the others, who had been listening with considerable awe to this conversation.

"I'm sorry," he said shyly. "Don't let's count that. It was only just in the last round."

"All right," said Brian, also feeling rather embarrassed. "Let's play something else. Graham, won't you come and play? It's much more fun with four."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Donald.

Graham was going to refuse, for he was really very busy, but he caught a wistful look in Jim's eyes, and realized that his small cousin was very anxious for this token of forgiveness. So he looked at his watch, got up and stretched himself with a yawn, and said,—

"Right-o! Just till tea-time, then. Afterwards I shall have to get on with these tiresome figures."

"Then we'll all help you," suggested Donald.

"Thanks awfully!" said Graham, laughing. "I think I'd rather you didn't! Now, what are we going to play?"

(To be continued.)

An Open-air Play

IN THE GREENWOOD

CHARACTERS

KING RICHARD CŒUR DE LION; THREE NOBLES, attendants on him; ROBIN HOOD; LITTLE JOHN; MUCH; ALLAN-A-DALE; FRIAR TUCK; Robin Hood's Merry Men; MAID MARIAN; LADY CHRISTABEL.

SCENE—AN OPEN SPACE IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

[To the right and left, trees or greenery; at the back bank. When the curtain rises KING RICHARD is discovered standing in centre; near him the three Nobles. They are all dressed in monks' cloaks, with hoods well drawn over their faces.]

The King (looking round him). Well! I hope we shall see the fellow this time.

First Noble. There is not much fear of that: Robin Hood finds out monks as quickly as bees do honey. We shall not have long to wait, your Majesty.

The King (softly, putting finger on lip). Hush! He may be listening now, and if he guesses who I

am our game is spoilt. Remember I am only an abbot for to-day. (Louder) The fellow is well off here: sunshine and green trees, flowers and the song of the birds for company—who could want more?

Second Noble (speaking quickly). I saw something moving down there . . . through the trees . . . take care, my Lord!

The King (still loudly). For my part, I have no fear of the man. He would not dare rob me.

Robin Hood (stepping from behind a tree, all in green, with bow and arrow, and horn). You speak too soon, my lord abbot—for an abbot I take you to be by your dress and manner. Robin Hood dare rob whom he will, when he has need of money, so you had better come with me peacefully. I have a hundred men within call, and I am not over fond of monks.

The King. If we are monks, we are also messengers from the King. If you are the famous Robin Hood . . .

Robin Hood. I am Robin Hood.

The King. Then his Majesty sent us to say that he would see you. As a sign he sends you this ring (showing ring on his hand).

Robin Hood (after looking at it, taking off his hat). It is truly the King's ring. God bless him: God bless all those that love him: cursed be all those who hate him and rebel against him.

The King. Then you curse yourself, for you are a traitor and an outlaw.

Robin Hood (fiercely). I am an outlaw may be, through no fault of mine, but I am no traitor, and if you were not the messenger of the King you would pay dearly for that lie. I have never yet hurt any true and honest man. I have robbed only from the tyrant rich, never from the poor. I fight against monks and abbots, and take their money from them when I can, because they steal from the poor. They



ought to live good lives and show others a good example, but they do not. They live wickedly, and should be punished. If they had ruled England well when King Richard was away, we should not have to live in the woods as we do now. (Kindly) But do not fear, you are the King's messengers, and therefore welcome to all that we have. Stay here, and sup with us; we will make you comfortable as we know how.

Third Noble. They wait for us at Nottingham, my lord.

The King. Let them wait: the King wishes to know as much as possible about this man. If we do not fare well, it will matter not for once.

Robin Hood. You shall eat of our best, Sir Abbot, though if you came not from the King I doubt if you would be so well treated.

(Blows his horn. Enter quickly LITTLE JOHN,

MUCH, ALLAN-A-DALE, and others : *they are all dressed in green.*)

Little John. What news, master?

Robin Hood. None that will fill our pockets, my little John. These good monks are messengers from the King, and therefore safe from us. Much!

Much. Yes, master!

Robin Hood. . . . Tell the cook that we shall dine here, and that we must have as fine a feast as if the King himself were among us.

Much. Yes, master! (*Goes out by left quickly.*)

Robin Hood. Allan-a-Dale, bring Maid Marian, and your sweet Christabel; tell them we have need of their help to entertain our noble company.

Allan-a-Dale. I go right gladly, master. (*Exit by left.*)

Robin Hood (to the others). Now, men, bring the things and do your parts with a good will. Let us show these gentlemen what we poor foresters can do.

All. Ay, that we will, master!

[*Exit all foresters, save LITTLE JOHN. They all drop on one knee before ROBIN as they pass out.*]

The King. Upon my word, Sir Outlaw, you are master of a gallant company. It is a pity that you should live as you do—shooting down the King's deer, robbing his faithful bishops and knights.

Robin Hood. I cannot starve my men, Sir Abbot, and were Richard himself here I think he would scarcely grudge these fine men their food.

The King. Perchance not, but it is against the law.

Robin Hood. I know that well, Sir Abbot, but what else can we do? Our homes have been burned down by the Norman nobles, our lands have been stolen, our money taken, and they would have made us their slaves. Rather than that, we have chosen to live here in the merry greenwood.

The King. Well spoken! Well defended, Robin!

[*Enter by left ALLAN-A-DALE, with MAID MARIAN, LADY CHRISTABEL, and FRIAR TUCK.*]

Maid Marian (curtsying). Welcome to Sherwood Forest, Sir Abbot!

The King. Who is this fair lady?

Friar Tuck (pushing forward). Have you never heard of Maid Marian, Robin Hood's sweet bride, and Queen of our merry greenwood? She comes of noble blood, but rather than be parted from her Robin she fled to the forest all in knightly array. There she again met our master, and the two young things fell to fighting together, neither knowing the other; presently Robin spoke and the lady discovered herself, and I married them myself.

The King. Who is this jolly monk?

Friar Tuck. Friar Tuck, at your service, my lord abbot, and a very busy man. Look at these two. (*Pointing to ALLAN-A-DALE and the LADY CHRISTABEL.*)

I married them under the old bishop's nose: I cried them seven times in the church lest there should be some mistake. They are a couple to be proud of. They . . .

Robin Hood. Friar Tuck, Friar Tuck, your tongue clacks too loudly.

Friar Tuck. Not so, master, not so; you would be badly off without its clacking, I'll warrant. Who would marry you? Who would bless you? Who would say grace at meat in the Latin tongue? Who would . . .

[*LITTLE JOHN takes him by the arm and leads him away.*]

Robin Hood (laughing). He is a merry soul!

[*Enter a Page (or Pages) with silver or crystal bowl and towel. He kneels before the KING, holding the bowl while he washes his hands, then goes to the Nobles. Men in green come hurrying in with mugs, platters, dishes, food, etc., which they set on the grass. LITTLE JOHN orders them here and there: the KING and Nobles talk to MAID MARIAN and CHRISTABEL. Presently ROBIN HOOD blows his horn: all the men stand round.*]

Robin Hood. Fill up the mugs, men, to the very brim: before we eat we will drink the King's health.

[*They fill up mugs, giving them also to the KING and Nobles.*]

All (drinking). God save the King!

The King. If I could get you pardon from the King, Robin, would you be willing to leave this wild life in the woods and serve him for ever?

Robin Hood. With all my heart!

The King (to the men). Men, would you be willing?

All (flinging their caps into the air). With all our hearts! . . . God save the King!

Robin Hood. You see, Sir Abbot, we are all loyal.

The King (huskily). So I see!

Robin Hood. If you would but ask the King to forgive me, I think I could once more respect monks.

The King (flinging back the monk's hood). I am the King your sovereign, and I forgive you gladly, Robin.

Robin Hood (falling on his knees). O Sire!

The King. Stand up, my friend: I doubt if in all England I have more faithful followers.

Little John. The King! God save us!

Much and others. The King! (*They all kneel.*)

The King. Rise all! I am King Richard of England: are you ready to follow me as your master?

All. We are, we are!

The King (gaily). Then let us sup, and after we will to Nottingham, and surprise them.

[*The KING gives his hand to MAID MARIAN, ROBIN HOOD to CHRISTABEL. As they all seat themselves round the feast the CURTAIN falls.*]

Common Objects of the Country

BATS (*continued*)

THE cage was made in the first place for mice, and was of a rude nature—the back and ends being of wood and the front of wire. In a very few minutes after his entrance into the cage, the bat climbed up the wooden back, by hitching his claws into the slight roughness of the wood, and there hung head downwards.

When so placed, his aspect was curious enough. The claws of the hind legs being fixed into a crevice, so as to bear the weight of the body, the wings were then extended to their utmost, and suddenly wrapped round the body. At the same time the large ears were folded back under the wings and protected by them, the opening of the ear itself being guarded in a very singular manner.

If the reader will refer to the figure of the bat in the June number, he will see that inside the great ear is a sharply-pointed membrane, somewhat resembling a second ear. This membrane is called the "*tragus*," and when the large ears are tucked away out of sight, the *tragus* remains exposed, and gives the creature a very strange appearance.

When the bat is living, the ears are of singular beauty. Their substance is delicate, and semi-transparent if viewed against the light, so much so, indeed, that by the aid of a microscope the circulation of the blood can be detected. As the creature moves about, the ears are continually in motion, being thrown into graceful and ever-changing curves. If people only knew what a pretty pet the long-eared bat can become, they would soon banish dormice and similar creatures in favour of bats.

It was rather singular, that the bat of which I have just been speaking would not touch a fly, although one which I had some ten years since would eat flies and other insects readily. Whenever it took the insect, it daintily ate up the abdomen and thorax, rejecting the head, wings, and legs. But my second bat entirely refused insects of any kind, and would eat nothing but raw beef cut up into very small morsels. I never had a pet so difficult to feed.

If the meat were not quite fresh, or if it were not so small enough, the bat would hardly look at it. Now, if a bit of raw meat about the size of a large pin's head be placed in the air, a few minutes will dry and harden its exterior; and when this was the case, my bat did not even notice it. So I had to

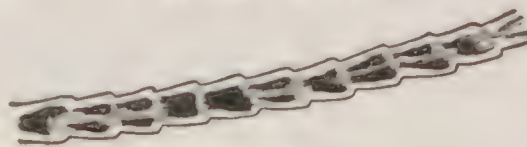
make twenty or more attempts daily before the creature would take any food.

When, however, it *did* eat, its mode of so doing was remarkable enough. It seized the meat with a sharp snap, retreated to the middle of the cage, sat upright—as in the engraving already alluded to—thrust its wings forward to form a kind of tent, and then, lowering its head under its wings, disposed of the meat unseen.

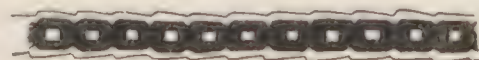
From the movement of the neck and upper portion of the head, it would be seen that the creature ate the meat much after the manner of a cat—that is, by a series of snaps or pecks, for the teeth are all sharply pointed, and have no power of grinding the food. These teeth can be seen in the accompanying sketch of a bat's skull.



SKULL OF BAT.



(1)



(2)

HAIRS (MAGNIFIED), (1) OF BAT, (2) OF MOUSE.

In many parts of England the bats are called "Flitter-Mice," and are thought to be simply mice plus wings. This opinion has been formed from the resemblance between the general shape, and especially that of the fur, of the two animals. But if we look at the teeth, we find at once that those of the bat are sharp and pointed, extending pretty equally all round the jaw-bone; while the teeth of mice are of that chisel-shaped character found in the rabbit and other rodent animals.

Let us now turn to the fur, and examine it with a microscope.

On this page is the magnified image of a single hair, taken from the long-eared bat. It will be seen that the outline of the hair is deeply cut, and the markings run in a double line. These markings and outlines

are caused by the structure of the hair, which is covered with a regular series of scales adhering but loosely to its exterior. These scales can be removed by rough handling, and therefore the aspect of the hair can be much altered.

Let us now take a hair from the common mouse, and place it under the microscope. This being done, we find the result to be as shown in the same picture.

The two objects here shown are two portions of the same hair; the upper one showing the middle of the hair, and the lower being taken from a portion nearer the root. Both these specimens were taken by myself from the animals, and drawn by myself, so that they are to be depended on.

To return to my caged bat.

Although it did not do much eating, it often came to the water-vessel and drank therefrom; but it was so timid when drinking, that I could not see whether it lapped or drank. When disturbed, it used to scuttle away over the floor, in a most absurd manner, but with some speed. Sometimes it tried to drink



BAT'S WING.

by crawling to a spot just over the vessel, and lowering itself until its nose was within reach of the water; but the distance was too great for the attempt to be successful. In its wild state, the bat hunts insects, as they hover over the surface of water, and drinks as it flies, by dipping its head in the water while on the wing.

I rather think that my bat must have received some injury from the brooms and caps that were aimed at it when it entered the shop, for it only lived a fortnight or so, and one morning I found it hanging by its hind claws from the roof of the cage, quite dead.

I believe that bats generally die while in this position, for it is a very common thing to find plenty of suspended bats, dry and mummified, when entrance is made into an unfrequented cave, or a hollow tree cut down, or, indeed, when any bat-haunted spot is examined.

In speaking of the bat, I have used popular terms, and therefore have employed the word "wing." But the apparatus of the bat is not a wing at all,

but only a developed hand. Let the reader spread his hand as wide as he can, and he will see that between each finger, and especially between the forefinger and the thumb, the skin forms a kind of webbing, something of the same kind as that on the feet of ducks and other aquatic birds.

Now if the bones of the fingers were drawn out like wire until they became some seven or eight feet long, and the skin between them were extended to the nails of the elongated fingers, we should have a structure similar to that of the bat's wing. The thumb joint is left fairly free; and by means of this joint, and the hooked claw at its end, the creature walks on a level surface, or can crawl suspended from a beam or a trunk. It is very curious to see the bat stretching out its wings and feeling about for a spot whereon to fix the hooks.

So tightly do these hooks hold, that the baby bat is often found clinging to the body of its mother, and holding firm, while she flies in search of prey.

It is true that the little creature is suspended with its head downwards; but it appears quite comfortable, nevertheless. Bat-children do not suffer from the flow of the blood to the brain.

Both my bats were very particular, not to say fussy, about their personal appearance. They spent much time and pains on the combing of their fur, and seemed to set much value on a straight parting down the back.

It was most interesting to watch the little thing parting its hair. The claw was drawn in a line straight from the top of the head to the very tail, and the fur parted at each side with a dexterity worthy of an accomplished lady's-maid. The same habit has been observed in other bats that have been tamed.

There are more than twenty British bats, but the habits of all are very similar; and so I prefer to take the prettiest, and, having described it, to leave the remaining species for a future occasion.

Motto for July

*Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sent in by NAUREEN MORRISON,
9 Albert Terrace, Coleraine,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



A Cure for the Teazles

THE Junior Partner, who is four and a half—going on five—had a bad attack of the teazles, which is quite as serious as the measles, if not more so.

So the Senior Partner thought over the case, and thought and thought, just as the doctor does when you are ill, but he does not show it. Teazles is treated in so many different ways. And some of the treatments, such as the use of hard words, while they give the operator relief, drive the teazles in and make the patient worse. The Junior Partner must have a remedy which he could take with him and use himself, so as to be always prepared for an attack.

"Partner," said the Senior Partner, "do you really and truly wish to be cured?"

"Yes, Daddy."

The Junior Partner is a great joker. He calls the Senior Partner "Daddy," and the General Manager "Mother."

"The cure which I will give you is a very old one, and comes from the East—from the greatest Doctor that the world has ever known. If you use it carefully it will cure any attack, however severe. Hold your hands in front of you—palm to palm and a little apart. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Bring the tips of the little fingers together. Say—Little." "Little."

"Next finger-tips together. Say—Children." "Children."

"Middle finger. Say—Love." "Love."

"Next finger. Say—One." "One."

"Thumbs. Say—Another." "Another."

"I will call this cure 'Naming the Fingers.' When you feel an attack coming on, use it quickly, and keep on using it until you feel better. You may name the fingers to yourself if you wish. Now let us practise it."

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **July 15** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for July

(During this month and the month of August, when you are all on holiday, there will not be so many competitions as usual, because I hope it will be such fine weather that you will be able to be out-of-doors all day long. By the time you have settled down again to your school work you will find all the usual attractions in this corner of the *Children's Paper*.)

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay on the most enjoyable experience you ever had.

THREADING THE MAZE

Can you find the shortest route to the little house in the centre of the maze on page 112? If so, trace a copy of the maze on a sheet of paper, marking on it the route you consider the shortest.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing, a little larger, of the picture on the cover of this magazine, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Eleven only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Look out of the window for a few minutes, and then write a few paragraphs on what you have seen.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

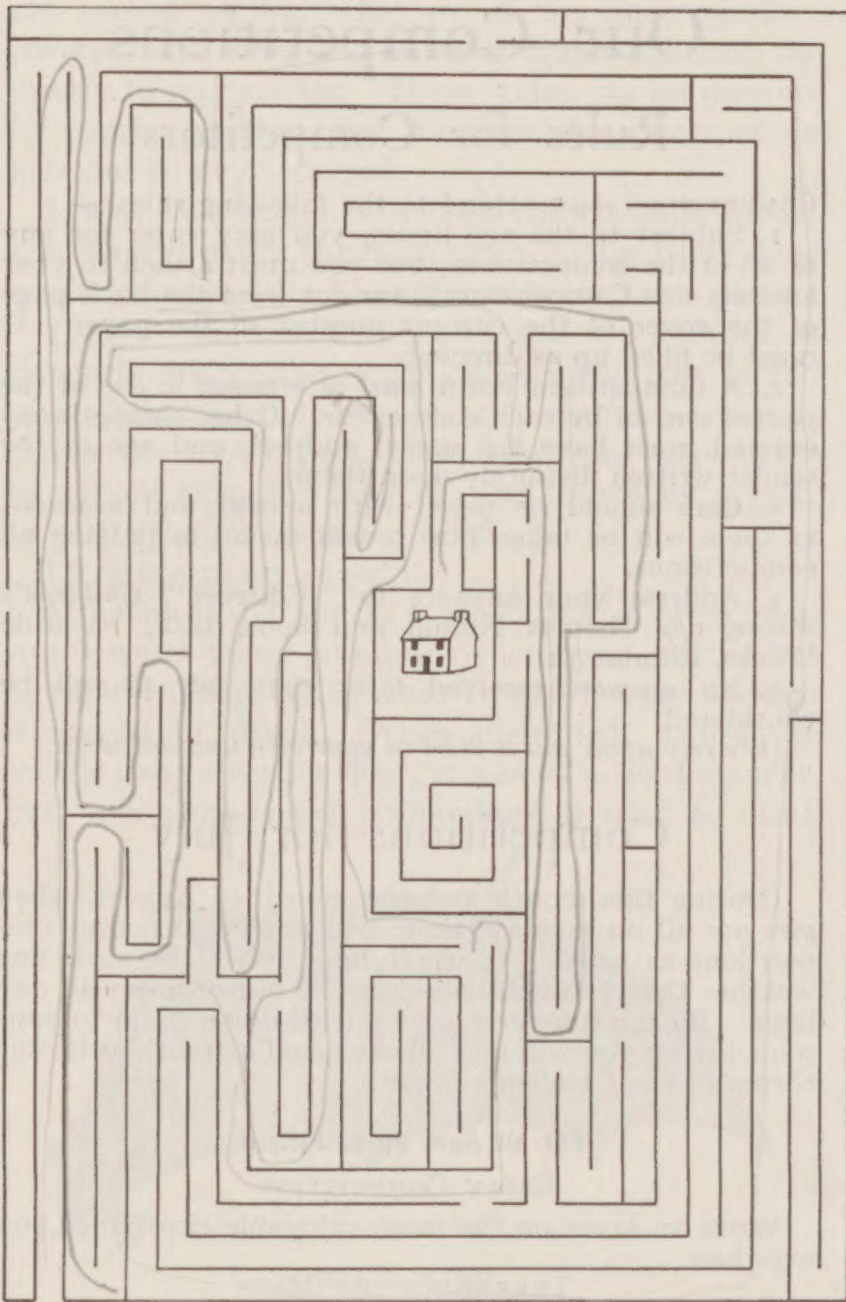
Make a drawing of a boat, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

"Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "smile" sent in this month.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.



Prize List for May

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs. Bessie Thomas, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Primrose Jeal, Walthamstow; Harry W. Campbell, Hon. Irish Society's Boys' School, Coleraine; William Waterworth and Annie Callan, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Violet Cummins, Dublin; M. Stubbs and Beatrice Denver, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Eileen Swain, Chard; W. Cameron, Lochgoilhead.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Charles Davies, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Albert Hallows, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay, near Chester.

Honourable Mention.—Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Jack Fairhurst, National School, Adlington; Albert Taylor, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Connie Powley, 46 Cornwallis Road,

Walthamstow. Bettie Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham. Emie Campbell Stewart, 11 Priestfield Road, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—William Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Marjorie Whitehead and Patsie Brentnall, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Sybil Berry, National School, Adlington; Doris Lyons, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Frances Long, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Prize-Winners.
—Phoebe Prescott, National C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—May Hacking, National School, Adlington; Kathleen Getty, Belfast; George W. Thompson, Newtownards; Robt. Galloway,

Govanhill, Glasgow; Lillian Addis, Gorsley, Glos; Ray Bauchop, Pollokshields, Glasgow; Hazel Ellis, Howth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winner.—Ray Horsford, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

JUMBLED TOWNS

The names of the hidden towns were as follows:—Ostend, Lucerne, Upsala, Patras (or Sparta), Innsbruck, St. Etienne, Archangel, Carlsruhe, Lisbon, Bucharest, Florence, Cartagena.

Prize-Winners.—D. G. Neill, 68 Ball's Road, Birkenhead. Hilda McIlwaine, 4 Lonsdale Villas, Armagh. Alan Watson, 14 Lytton Street, Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; Margaret Skinner and Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Elsie Clitheroe, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall; Reggie Foster, Wallasey; Betty Mackay, Ilford; Maud Browne, Ballyjasduff, Co. Cavan.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Connie Wykes, 344 Lewis Buildings, Fulham, S.W.6. Reggie Foster, 24 Belvidere Road, Wallasey. Betty Claff, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Frederick Webster, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

Honourable Mention.—Ellen Budd, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Frederick Seabourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Violet Payne, Fulham; Mollie Lander and Mary Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery; Nora Bootland and Winifred May Yates, Mount School, Kersal.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Moir McIntosh, 7 Lodge Road, Coleraine. Nancy Kerr, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Leslie Edgson, The Fyde School, Morcott; Joan Stevens, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

26 JUN 25

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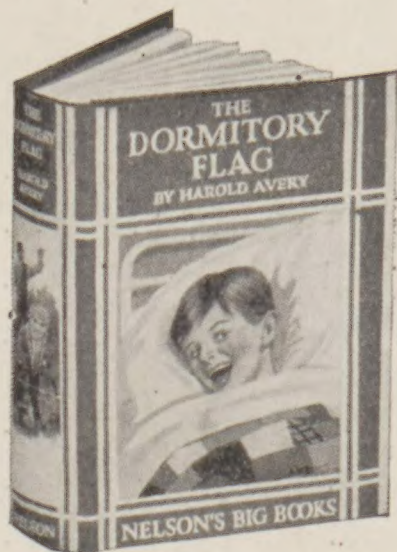
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